The EDISON KINETOGRAM

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SCENE FROM

THE LITTLE FIDDLER

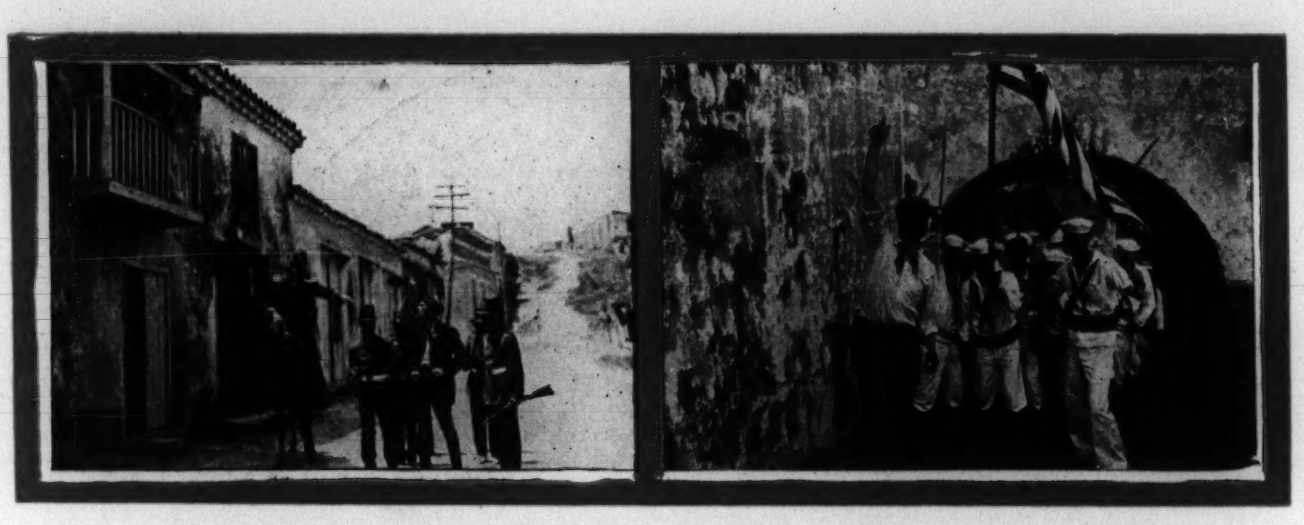
FILM No. 6646

EDISON FILMS TO BE RELEASED on AUGUST 17th and AUGUST 24th

EDISON FILMS

To be released on August 17th *and* August 24th, 1910

Edison Film No. 6643 **Copyrighted, June, 1910** **Released, August 17**
Code, VIRGULILLA **Length, 1,000 feet**



A Central American Romance

(DRAMATIC)

Produced with the assistance of the Officers and Sailors of the U.S. Battleship "South Carolina"

THE first scene of this interesting romance might be well entitled "The Lady of the Balcony and a Soldier of Fortune." Here we are introduced to a typical Central American village street, adown which can be seen riding a gallant (?) officer of the army of a Central American Republic. He pauses in front of a little cottage, leaning from whose balcony can be seen a beautiful Southern senorita. Doffing his cap, the officer dismounts from his horse and proceeds to lay siege to the heart of this dark-eyed charmer. In the midst of this flirtation, in which the lady of the balcony seems to take but poor interest, a blind beggar heedlessly knocks against this gold and lace officer. With all the brutality of his nature, he knocks the poor old man to the ground where he lies stunned and bleeding.

This is seen by a young soldier of fortune, an American, who hastily helps the old man to his feet and, after sending him kindly on his way, coolly turns around and knocks the officer down for his inhumanity to the helpless. All this gallantry on the part of the young American is not lost on the fair Southern observer, who, when the officer rides off wild with rage, quickly informs the American that the officer whom he has just insulted is no other than the Commander of the Army, and that he will be arrested within an hour unless he immediately seeks safety in flight. The American, however, is fascinated by the Southern girl, whose every glance is filled with admiration,

While he lingers, loth to leave so fair a chance acquaintance, he is surrounded and put under arrest, and soon finds himself locked in a dungeon cell.

Word reaches the ears of the senorita of the balcony that at sunrise a number of political prisoners are to be shot, among whom are her own brother and another American. With the quick wit of the Spanish girl she contrives to send the American a note informing him of this fact, and at the same time provides him with the means of escape and instructions how to reach an America war vessel lying in the harbour, that he may seek its powerful aid in saving the lives of these guiltless men. The young American waits a favourable chance and eventually succeeds in making a daring escape along the cliffs of the sea,—not, however, until he has throttled the guard, whom he deceived by a clever trick. Finally reaching a boat he starts out for the war ship. Arriving on board he lays his case before the officer, who, realising the necessity of urgent haste, summons a big crew of brave blue jackets. The ship's boat is lowered, and soon a boatload of eager young American sailors is pulling for the shore to rescue the condemned men from an unjust death.

The gray dawn is just beginning to change into the pink of sunrise when the Commander tolls out the death knell to the condemned prisoners. While they are being marched to their places of execution we are shown the landing of the blue jackets, who, smashing in the gates of the prison and with stars and stripes floating, arrive at the scene of the execution just as the sun rises out of the sea. The American demands the immediate release of the condemned men in the name of the United States Government. Heedless to this plea for mercy and justice, the brutal officer gives the word to fire upon the crowd of helpless and bound prisoners, but before the command can be put into execution the flash of a dozen or more sailors' cutlasses is seen, and in a moment the courtyard is a mass of struggling, slashing sailors and soldiers. The conflict is of very short duration, however, for justice backed up by Yankee pluck will not be denied. The officer is knocked to the ground and the soldiers flee for their lives, while the courtyard rings with the cheers of both prisoners and sailors in triumph.

When our brave young American soldier of fortune has the extreme pleasure of delivering to the arms of a certain Southern beauty her brother, the way and manner in which she expresses her thanks cause him to suddenly decide that he will continue his stay in Central America much longer than he expected, and incidentally to calculate upon what size of ring would best fit a certain dark-eyed lady's engagement finger.

Edison Film No. 6644 **Copyrighted, June, 1910** **Released, August 17**
Code, VLAAG **Length, 995 feet**

Bootles' Baby

(DRAMATIC)

THIS is one of the clear, straightforward and tenderly appealing stories in which the influence of a little child forms the principal theme.

The child is the daughter of two young people who are married unhappily, the father an officer in an English regiment, the "Scarlet Lancers," in which a young man bearing the euphonious nickname of "Bootles" is a popular member. The young mother of the child, desiring to keep her vow regarding the secrecy of her marriage but unable to support her baby, decides to leave it in the father's rooms and force him to provide for it. By mistake she enters the wrong door and leaves the child in the room of "Bootles," much to that young gentleman's surprise when he finally appears upon the scene some

time after and finds the baby snugly tucked away in his favourite armchair.

"Bootles" is naturally somewhat awed at the new honour thrust upon him and, not knowing just how he should act under the circumstances, summons his boon companions of the regiment to advise him. The father of the child is among the group that gathers about the bedside where the little girl sits enthroned, but he decides to keep silence and leave "Bootles" to care for the child or dispose of it as he chooses. Our hero, after a further conference with the Colonel of the barracks and the latter's good wife, decides upon the former course and assumes the guardianship of the little foundling, who rewards him by proving a most companionable and lovable little lady.

Two years later, at a house party where "Bootles" is spending some time, there comes a strange young woman as the secretary or companion of one of the titled guests, and though she keeps her own counsel we realize at once that she is the mother of the little girl. And then fate takes a hand and makes our friend "Bootles" fall desperately in love with the unassuming little secretary. It nearly breakes his heart when she acknowledges her love for him but tells him that she may not marry him.

Then the scene shifts to a gentlemen's race, in which the father of the child meets with a fatal accident. Before he dies he confesses his relationship to the little girl but not to her mother ; and so, when "Bootles" receives a letter in a strange hand from a woman who tells him she is the child's mother and asks for her return, he prepares to give up the little one about whom his heart strings are closely woven, and takes her to the address given in the letter. Of course he meets with a surprise there, but it is one of those surprises which not only makes him happy but makes the spectator feel quite proud of having known it all along.

Edison Film No. 6645 **Copyrighted, June, 1910** **Released, August 24**
Code, VLAAMSCH **Length, 1,004 feet**

The Judgment of the Mighty Deep

(DRAMATIC)

NESTLED in a little cove off the mainland stands a small fishing cottage in which lives an old and blind net-maker with his lovely daughter. With willing hands she works and toils for her father's blind eyes through snow and storm, till bright womanhood stands waiting for the touch that will make her day-dreams come true and real. There are two fishing lads who in their crude way long to be the prince of her dreams. Staunch friends and dory mates are they, but one is destined to hold the prize while the other's heart is crushed and

filled with hate at the revelation that his love is spent in vain. It is down by the sullen sea that the luckless one pours out all the pain and suffering of a hopeless struggle, but the waves only toss and play around his feet and seem to mock at his misery,—till suddenly the thought springs into his mind :

"You may laugh at my misery now ;
You shall sing his funeral dirge."

The sea hears and only dances the gayer with never a hint whose funeral dirge she will sing.

Knowing that his mate is going to row to the mainland at night to buy for his lassie a gift of a gold ring, the rejected suitor stealthily removes a board in the bottom of the boat and with infinite care replaces it,—in such a way, however, that while his mate is rowing his feet will force the board out, and in no time the boat will fill with water and sink. Gloating over his villainy, the thought strikes him that by chance his friend might choose the small boat near by and thus deprive him of his revenge. To make sure of his victim he throws away the oar-locks of the small boat, and leaves the rest to time and chance.

The old ocean is beginning to boom upon the rocks and mutter of a coming storm when down the beach comes the blind net-maker's daughter, to row accross to the mainland for supplies for her father. Finding the oar-locks of the smaller boat gone, she steps into the fatal boat and shoves out into the sea, with never a thought of danger. A half hour later Fate brings the two men to the beach, one with a light heart to row across the bay for a token of love and plighted troth, the other to witness and gloat over the fulfillment of his revenge.

But what is this ? One of the boats is gone and the other is practically useless. And the mighty ocean sings forth its solemn song of the coming storm. Quickly the lover hastens off to procure some oar-locks, while the other stands facing the terrible truth,—that he has planned the death of the very being he loves! In his wild delirium of remorse and sorrow he leaps into the practically useless boat and starts forth out into the ocean to try and save from an awful fate the woman he loves.

Far out at sea can be seen the girl calling for help. Slowly her boat sinks deeper and deeper into the water, while she frantically tries to keep it afloat by bailing it. Her efforts are in vain, however. The water reaches the boat's edge, the boat seems to hesitate a moment and then slowly sink— and night, merciful night, hides the awful spectacle from our view.

An hour later and the waves come rolling and tossing in their storm-tossed rage against the rocks. A human form can be seen now and then on the crest, and soon out of the seething, hissing foam crawls a torn, bleeding, battered form of a man. Slowly and painfully he drags himself across the beach to the cottage of the blind net-maker and falls fainting at his feet. The old man revives him, and with the solemn roar of the ocean outside as a fitting accompaniment of the awful narrative, the fisher lad tells of his villainy, his

revenge and of the daughter's plight, then falls unconscious to the floor. A long silence, and the blind father calls for an answer to his plea. In his anger and blindness he tears at the man's breast for a word of comfort. "Where is my daughter? Speak!" Silence and darkness are his answer: the lips that breathed the cruel message to the aged man's ears are closed forever in death. He is alone, alone with the dead; and the sea and wind howl forth their cruel dirge of death and suffering.

The old, blind sailor staggers forth into the night. His cries are heard along the storm-beaten shore—the waves break around him. At last his feet strike something soft and warm. He has found her —his daughter! Slowly he drags her back to his lonely cabin, and joy is in the old man's heart when her lover comes and with care and tenderness she is brought back to life. But there lies the other one cold in death! The two young lovers reverently cross his hands and kneel in prayer. The old blind net-maker holds his peace and they never know but that the fisher lad had given his life for the girl he loved. Only the solemn sea and the blind man know, and they keep their secret well.

This picture is as strong and powerful a sea story as has ever been told, and will draw the warmest praise for its high photographic qualities and intense, dramatic situations.

Edison Film No. 6646 **Copyrighted, June, 1910** **Released, August 24**
Code, VLAGGELIJN **Length, 997 feet**

The Little Fiddler

(DRAMATIC)

"THE Little Fiddler" plies up and down the street by day, playing his simple melodies and receiving whatsoever the passers-by choose to bestow upon him, and at night comes home to his mother with his day's earnings, tired and worn but happy in her tender love. Far into the night the brave young mother sits sewing at her machine till her eyes ache and human strength gives way to the call of sleep. With weary head bent upon her arms she slips into dreams of the past.

Slowly the room fades into another in the luxurious home to which she was brought a bride. She is singing a cradle song over a baby's crib when her husband comes in drunk, and here follows that sad scene which is enacted in hundreds of homes every day. A woman's strong, brave love is pleading for the man of her bridal day, but still clinging to this drunken being of now, trying with her love to call back the gallant, handsome boy she loved so well. But drink has deadened all his memory of the past, and throwing her

from him he goes reeling from the room. The door slams and behold the room is changed again, and the sad weary woman stands looking down at a basket of clothing where in her dreams of a few moments before stood a tiny baby's crib. Sinking by the bed she clasps her hands across her sleeping boy and pours forth her evening prayer to God.

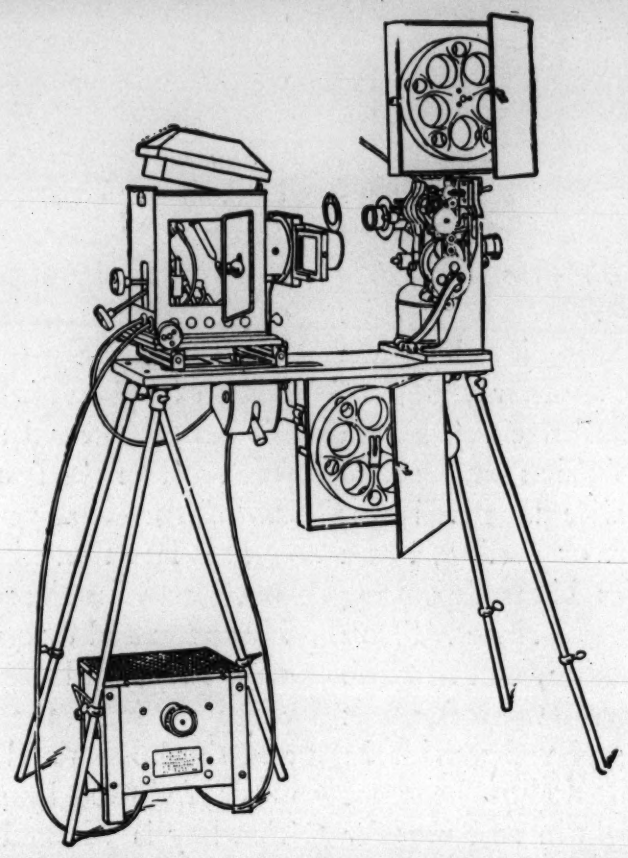
A gay, fashionable musicale is in progress, and among its guests we can see the man of the dream now grown slightly gray but still handsome. His eyes shift from one piece of glittering jewelry upon a woman's breast to another string of pearls around the hostess' neck. Though among this crowd of fashion and music lovers, we instantly realise that he is not of them either in heart or feeling, but a common thief who plies his trade among surroundings of luxury and riches. There is a lull in the conversation, and through the open casement are heard the soft, sweet strains of a violin being played outside in the street. Nothing will do but the street musician shall be brought in and play for them. He proves to be none other than our little fiddler of the first scene, and it is there that father and son, unknown to each other, meet once again.

The "Little Fiddler" plays for the devotees of fashion, of whom the hostess in particular seems to take great interest in him. Sending for her silver purse she gives him money and also takes his name and address, with a view of looking after his future welfare. With presents of money and many compliments for his skill with the violin the thankful little fellow leaves the place. While the boy was playing his sweetest music the father had managed to steal the silver purse filled with jewels. Shortly after the lad leaves, the purse is missed. The thief accuses his own son of the crime.

One hour later we are shown the thief in his own apartments. He takes out the silver purse and begins to count his gain, when a card falls from his pocket. As he sees written upon it his own son's name and address the truth comes to him,—"The Little Fiddler" is his own boy! Back through the maze of crime and years comes into view the vision of the woman he once loved and honoured. She stretches our her arms to him as in the days of long ago. He drives the sight from him and in its place his boy kneels before him, his hands fastened together with bands of steel. The thief stands staring into the dark future that yawns before him.

It is late that night when the anxious mother awaits the return of her little son. He comes and throws into her lap his gifts of money, and they are both rejoicing when suddenly the door is thrown open and the hostess and host of the musicale enter, followed by an officer of the law. The boy is accused of having stolen the silver purse and has just been torn from the arms of his mother, when in the door appears the father—the thief. He confesses his guilt and stands awaiting his punishment, when the small, soft hands of his own boy stretch forth asking for mercy and forgiveness. The appeal reaches the hearts of the hearers, and for the boy's sake the man is given his freedom. The door closes softly on the departing members of the world of fashion, and husband and wife once again look into each other's eyes. A soul is saved; and we feel sure that out of the darkness will come forth a MAN who will bring peace and happiness into the life of one woman and the little curly-headed boy beside her.

Edison Kinetoscope



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